

You can get the Most for Your Money At Sutherland's.

A Carload of No. 1 SHINGLES on Hand

Call In and Get Our Prices

"DIRT CHEAP"
And
"YANKEE PRICES."

THE TOGGERY.

NOW is the Winter of Your Wants in Furnishings
Made Glorious Summer.

SEE DAVE

HE MAKES CLOTHES.

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

COME IN

And I will help you to make out an estimate of the Lumber for the building you intend to build. I am certain the price will suit and the material is in the yard for you to judge as to quality.

Wishing You
A Merry Christmas
And A
Happy New Year

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD,
GEO. BECKER, Prop.



Ontkes & Armstrong.

General Merchandise and Hardware.

Clothing

Sheep Lined Coats at Prices Right.
Warm and Comfortable Gloves, Mitts and Caps.
Felt Shoes, Overshoes, Moccasins and Wool Sox.

GROCERIES

Fresh Goods arriving daily. Good Winter Apples,
Dried Fruits, Smith's Jams, Red Cross Pickles in jar or
bulk, Salmon and all kinds of canned goods.

Hardware

A full line of Cook Stoves, Ranges and Parlor Heaters,
Graniteware, Tinware and Washing Machines.

Call In and Inspect Our Goods and Get Prices.

Gophers and The Grain.

Systematic Effort Necessary
To Destroy The Pests.

Sunshine Farm,
Aldred, Alta., Dec. 28th 1908.

The past three years I have observed with apprehension, the rapid increase of gophers in many districts, especially the newer ones, where settlement is as yet sparse. Along the highways and in the fields this little but very destructive rodent is seen in large numbers and his family is augmented liberally every year. In the early spring he cuts down the growing grain, getting it within his reach most of the summer. When the winter grain is sown, he keeps very busy, especially when it is out of the ground a few inches. He then burrows into the ground, tearing out the tender wheat plant, and appropriates the planted kernel. The next spring we wonder why it is that our winter wheat is so thin; the gopher knows. When harvest is at hand the gopher begins to collect the matured grain, drawing large stores for winter use into his underground abode. It is safe to say that where he is numerous, out of every hundred acres of grain he destroys five. Suppose a field of wheat is thus damaged. This would probably amount to 150 bushels of grain from a one-hundred acre field. At 75c per bushel this makes a neat little sum which these rascals take from us annually. Be it therefore resolved that the gopher must be the best way to make war on the pest is a liberal but judicious use of strychnine. The best time to "doe" him is in the early spring, before his new families arrive, and when his appetite is most ravenous. But the complete extermination of this little thief is easier said than done. To accomplish anything effective and really worth while, the removal of whole districts is the work, setting aside certain days in the spring months April and May, also a repetition of this in the autumn, about the time of sowing the fall wheat. Now is a good time to organize for this work. In our own district (Yankee Valley) this can readily be done by summoning the farmers by telephone to attend such a conference. I have often wondered why it would not be well to empower the weed inspector to take a hand in this matter, and to see that the work of extermination is actually being done, and that systematically and persistently.

Having decided to rid ourselves of this pliffing nuisance the gopher, the following mixture is very effective: Dissolve one and a half ounces of strychnine in a quart of hot water, add a quart of molasses and a tablespoonful of oil of anise. Heat and thoroughly mix the liquid. While hot pour it over a bushel of well-cleaned wheat and mix completely in a tight vessel. Then mix in a few pounds of fine meal to take up the moisture and adhere to the grain. Let it stand twelve hours when it is ready for use. To do this, drop a tablespoonful of the poisoned grain into each gopher hole in the field, along the highways, etc. Repeat this treatment in about two or three weeks, say, about May 1st, also two or more times during the early autumn.

In conclusion, let me appeal to my fellow farmers to get together and plan thorough and systematic crusades against our common enemy, whose board costs us much more each year than we know. Then when the warm and sunny days of next April and May come, we shall march upon him and slay him by tons of thousands, and his existence shall be no more. Shall we thus organize and act?

Yours Sincerely,
J. E. GUSTUS.

An Old Christmas Custom.
A century or two ago there was a custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each home clad in a noisy robe, a mask and a huge flaxen wig. Knocking on the door, he called in a loud voice for all the good children to appear and receive the gifts which the Christ Child, the Christ-Kindel, had sent them. This was the primordial Kris Kringle. Coeridge describes this custom and records that the bad little children had a rot for their correction.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Local and General.

Write it 1909.

A Happy New Year!

Let Crossfield Flourish!

Have you subscribed yet?

This is a great country.

Mrs. D. A. MacCrimmon returned from Calgary on Sunday.

Mr. Benton, the barber, returned from Innisfail last week.

Owing to the holidays this week's issue is late in appearing.

If you want to sell your farm for cash, see Hultgren & Davis.

Rooms above butcher shop to rent. Apply G. F. Mitchell, Crossfield.

Have you renewed your subscription yet? If not, do it now.

J. N. MacCrimmon arrived in Crossfield on New Years Day on a visit to his brothers.

South African Script (320 acres) for sale. Will sell it right. R. L. Boyle, Crossfield.

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2:30 and a preaching service at 3:30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3:30 p. m.

If you like this paper and wish to obtain it regularly call in and pay your dollar to have it sent you.

Lost—Two Keys between Crossfield and Floral School House. Finder please return to Jnd. S. Davis, Crossfield.

R. L. Boyle has purchased the lots Nos. 1 and 2 on the quarter block 14. He intends building on them in the spring.

Dr. Large has gone back to the east for Christmas and will be gone until January 15th when he will resume his weekly visits to Crossfield.

When you want a loan on your farm see Hultgren & Davis. They place it in the best companies, quickest return, and only 7 and 8 per cent interest.

Miss Irene McGill, of Calgary, Miss Brockelbank, of Calgary, and Miss Olive McGill, of Camrose, spent New Years Day visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Martin.

Special attention is drawn to the Auction Sale of Horses and Cattle belonging to Asmusen, Chisholm & Co. which takes place on Friday January 8th. See Advt. on another page.

We can take your subscription to the 'Nod' West Farmer, Western Home Monthly, Westward-Ho Magazine and this paper altogether for only \$2.75. The usual price of the above is \$3.50.

A Grand Skating Carnival is to be held in Crossfield Rink on Thursday January 7th. Prizes are offered for best costumes worn. A special item on the programme will be a "Potato Race." The hand will be present. Skating commences at 8 p. m. Admission 25c.

Mr. and Mrs. Mewhort and family spent several days last week visiting in Edmonton and Lamont. Great attention is being given to the Peace River and other districts in the north. In a later issue we will refer to prospects there as we heard them described.

C. Dickens, of Calgary the old country watchmaker who has arranged with Mr. E. J. Benton, Barber, to have repairs forwarded has proved himself to be both reliable, competent and conscientious and will give the same satisfaction to Crossfield customers as he does to his Calgary patrons.

Last Wednesday the children of Sunshine School gave a Christmas entertainment. An interesting cantata was given, entitled "A Sailor Boys Christmas." The children went through the cantata in a remarkable fine manner. There was also a programme given by grown up friends. This included a quartette from the Crossfield Methodist Choir and solos by John Morrison. The children also gave several tableaux which were well received. The decoration of the hall and the well loaded Xmas Tree from which Santa Claus distributed presents to all present helped to make the event a grand success.

HOCKEY.

A very good game of Hockey was played at the Crossfield rink on New Year's Day when the Benedictites played the Bachelors. Both sides had an even share of the game, which ended in favour of the Bachelors by 2 goals to 1.

A. A. Charters, the referee, seemed dissatisfied with the slippery condition of the ice and took occasion to examine it carefully by several times lying full length down upon it.

Benedictites	Bachelors
A. Reid	Goal C. McKay
C. Smart	Point R. Curtis
C. Brown	C. Point H. Murray
Turnbull	Centre R. McCool
J. Martin	R. Wing L. McKay
J. H. Johnston	L. Wing M. Toll
D. G. Harvie	Rover F. Turnbull

Referee.—A. A. Charters

SAMSONTON

Arthur Sampson has sold out his store to John S. Nicholson & Sons who will carry on the business under that name. They will handle hardware as well as the present goods stocked.

David Farquharson has gone to Calgary to spend the winter at school there.

The Xmas tree and entertainment held on the evening of the 24th at the school house was a huge success and well received by a big crowd. The children were wild with excitement when Santa Claus climbed in through the window, having found the stove pipe too small to squeeze down and proceeded to distribute the gifts, which were for young and old, and ranged all the way from far coats and cigars to candy and crackers.

The dialogue was very amusing and caused much laughter, the serenade being especially ludicrous, whilst Betty with her broom made Dash two step pretty lively. The entertainment closed with a dance carried on until two o'clock, when every one started for home, vowing that they had enjoyed the best programme ever carried out in the school house.

AIRDRIE.

Mr. Thos. Johnston has just received word of the death of his mother in Scotland at an advanced age.

Mr. Barton who has been on his ranch which is situated west of Crossfield returned to town on Wednesday night.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt living about a mile from town narrowly escaped being poisoned this week. The child had a bad cold and through mistake was given a liniment instead of a cough medicine. A hurried call brought Dr. Edwards and to his prompt action the little one owes his life.

BORN

CAMERON.—In Crossfield, on December 30th to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cameron, a daughter—premature—still-born.

CROSSFIELD COUNCIL.

Chairman—Dr. G. A. Bishop
Jno. S. Davis and W. B. Edwards
Sec. Treas.—Chas. Hultgren

SCHOOL BOARD TRUSTEES
Chairman—Jno. A. McDougall
P. I. McNally and Chas. Hultgren
Sec. Treas.—Jno. S. Davis

BOARD OF TRADE
President.—Dr. G. A. Bishop
Vice-President.—D. A. MacCrimmon

Secy. Treas.—James Cameron
CROSSFIELD CANNERY ASSOCIATION
President.—J. H. O'Neil

Vice President—Geo. Becker
Secretary—Chas. Hultgren
Treas.—Can. Bank of Commerce

CHURCHES
Methodist. Rev. J. H. Johnston
Presbyterian
Catholic. Rev. Father Basin

English. Mr. Stacey
AUSTRIANS
Hultgren & Davis, R. L. Boyle

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Jno. S. Davis, R. L. Boyle
Solicitor, C. Moore, Thursdays

Notary Public, C. Hultgren
Commissioner, Jas. Sutherland
Doctor, G. A. Bishop

Dentist, Dr. Large, Thursdays
VETERINARY SURGEON, J. Hall-Brown
Post Master, J. Sutherland

Assurance, H. S. Sutherland
Constable—C. E. Brown
Issuer of Marriage Licences, J. McCool

BANK, Canadian Bank of Commerce,
Jas. Cameron Local Manager

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Both Restored to Health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Both myself and my wife can truthfully say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great benefit to us, and we are constantly recommending them to our friends." Thus writes Mr. Ernest L. Archibald, Truro, N. S., who further says: "In my own case I had been subjected to dizzy headaches for over a year, and three boxes of the Pills completely cured me of the trouble. About a year ago my wife began to complain. She seemed to be completely run down; was very pale and weak; she could not walk up stairs without stopping on the way to get breath, and ultimately she grew so weak she could not sweep a floor without resting. She tried several tonics but received no benefit. I persuaded her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got her a half dozen boxes. After she had used a couple of boxes her appetite began to improve and the color to return to her face. She continued using the Pills until she had taken the six boxes, and to-day she is perfectly well, feels stronger and looks better than she has done for some years. While she was taking the Pills she gained twelve pounds in weight."

Dr. Williams' Pills cure troubles like these because they are rooted in the blood. Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness and those ailments that only women folks know, with their attendant headaches and backaches and irritabilities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure cure when given a fair trial, because they enrich the blood and thus reach the root of disease. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Miss Gushing—Oh, Mr. Baldhead, you'll surely take a chance with me! Baldhead (absently)—No, I've been married twice—Town Topics.

A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure cure for the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parnell's Vegetable Pills, which are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to that superior power.

When knitting stockings or socks it will be found that they will last twice as long if a strand of silk or thread be knitted into the toes and heels together with the wool.

Repeat it:—Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.

The pine tree is found in all parts of the northern hemisphere. It flourishes in a poor soil and in a most exposed condition. The pine sheds only a portion of its leaves each year.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

"Here I am home again," said Mrs. Nagget, removing her wraps. "I was in plenty of time for the wedding, and I enjoyed it immensely." "You don't say?" remarked Mr. Nagget. "What was the matter? Didn't the bride appear at her best?" The Catholic Standard and Times.



The cheapest tea to use is not the lowest priced. You can buy tea at a few cents a pound cheaper than will make a drink, but if you want an absolutely pure, healthy, clean, prepared tea use "Salada." It is infinitely more delicious and decidedly more economical than other teas, because it goes farther.

George III. was wondering how the apple got into the dumpling. "How 'Tha's' zeehing," they cry. "How did the peaches get into the House of Commons?" Herewith his mind gave way before the suffragette problem—New York Sun.



W. N. U. No. 717.

GLOUCESTER.

The Greatest Fishing Camp in the United States.

Everything smells of fish in Gloucester. It is not an odor to which any of the natives object. Nor do visitors find in it anything of which to complain, for it is the pungent ozone of the sea, the smell of fish freshly caught. Gloucester has really never known anything else, for since its beginning, approaching three centuries ago, it has always had fishing for its chief industry, and today it is the greatest fishing center of the United States and, according to the belief of many, of the world.

When a two masted schooner, laden to the gunwales with its cargo of fish, comes into the wharfs the fish are carried in great tubs. Over these stand a company of experts, men who have cleaned hundreds of thousands of fish and who can make the quick cuts and do the scraping with incredible speed. Running to each tub is a hose, and after the waste has been removed an instant under the high pressure of water from the hose cleans out the fish completely and makes it sweet and ready for the next step in the operation. The codfish is dried and salted, the fish being sent to the market, and the waste is also done on the wharfs. Here are ranged hundreds of tables exposed to the bright sunlight. The cleaned fish are piled up in such a manner that the warm rays get a most admirable chance at them.

From the open air drying tables the fish are shifted to the boxing and packing establishments, which are also located along the water front, and then they are made ready to be shipped to all parts of the world.

INSOMNIA.

Curious Way in Which It Affected a Woman's Imagination.

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," said the nervous woman, "the patient in the next room to mine, No. 22, doesn't keep quiet at night! I must change my room or leave the sanitarium altogether."

"What's the trouble?" asked her physician.

"She has one of those squeaky old wooden bedssteads, and every time she turns over it awakens me. Last night she did nothing but toss and fro, and I didn't get a single wink of sleep."

"I'll see to that at once," he assured her. "A woman in your condition certainly must have absolute quiet at night. I'll have the patient in No. 22 sleep on the floor. The fresh air will be better for her anyway."

The next morning the nervous woman appeared in the consultation room of the sanitarium in radiant mood.

"How did you sleep?" asked the doctor.

"Perfectly," she replied. "I'm so much obliged to you. It made a great difference."

"I knew it would," he said gravely. He was telling the truth, because he knew the power of the imagination in disease, especially of the nerves. As a matter of fact, No. 22 had not been occupied at night for three weeks. The patient had been sleeping on the roof all the time—Exchange.

Get Quite Pleasant.

The mistress of a hospitable home in New York recently had to employ a new second girl whose work she liked, but whose loud and fondling manner she liked not at all. She talked to the girl and urged her to be pleasant and agreeable whenever she had to say anything to other people, particularly visitors.

A great surprise for the mistress followed this admonition. The next day the girl happened to attend the door, and she opened it just as her mistress was passing through the hall. To the astonishment and bewilderment of the latter the girl reached out and, catching the caller by the hand, actually dragged her inside the door, expressing her pleasure at seeing her, and then hastened to announce the call to her mistress.

Ungrammatical, but Earnest.

"You say there is nearly always something broke about your automobile?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Chiggins nervously.

"What is it, as a rule?"

"Me"—Washington Star.

Heard in the Dressing Room.

"Say, aren't you going out today?" asked the derby bat.

"Sure!" replied the fan shoes. "But you need not wait for me."

"Why not?" asked the bat.

"Because it's your business to go on ahead," replied the shoes.—Detroit Tribune.

Shame to Take It.

"It's got a regular clink."

"What is it?"

"Well, I'm going to take a little railroad trip. So I bet one man that the train would be wrecked. Then another man bet me that it wouldn't be robbed. I can't lose, can I?"—Cleveland Leader.

ECZEMA AND PILES CURED

MAGISTRATE AND SCHOOL COMMISSIONER HEALED

BY ZAM-BUK.

Zam-Buk by its healing power has earned the praise of men and women in the highest stations of life. One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly of Zam-Buk's favor is Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the county and a member of the board of school commissioners. He is also deacon of the Baptist church in Newrick. Indeed, throughout the county it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected.

Some time back he had occasion to use Zam-Buk and here is his opinion of this great balm. He says: "I had a patch of eczema on my ankle, which had been there for over twenty years! Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had taken solution of arsenic, had applied various ointments, and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike all else I tried, proved highly satisfactory, and cured the ailment."

"I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, in a case like that don't you ever go up on deck? We had a mighty close call."

"Well, you see, it's like this: You can't have a pleasant dinner while 'Oh, yasser, yasser,' came the undisturbed reply. "I thought she was 'goin' on de rocks, sah."

"Why, Sam," he exclaimed in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

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KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Why the Colored Cook Remained Below the Bow.

A story is told of a well known amateur yachtsman who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dinner, a stiff lashore wind started up. The anchor chain to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard, but to the increasing snarl that, too, failed to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks, but at last another anchor gripped, and the danger was past.

The yachtsman, nearly exhausted from his efforts, dropped on the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to his ears the click-click-click-click of a unjustly manipulated spoon against a bowl.

He listened for a moment and then went on. The cook was preparing salad dressing.

"Why, Sam," he exclaimed in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

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NASAL CATARRH

PRODUCES DEAFNESS

RELIEF IN PE-RU-NA.

Mr. R. J. Arless, 401 City Hall Ave., Montreal, Quebec, is an old gentleman of wide acquaintance, having served thirty-eight years in the General Post office of Montreal, a record which speaks for itself. Concerning his use of Peru-na, see letter given below.

"I have been afflicted with nasal catarrh to such a degree that it affected my hearing."

"This was contracted some twenty years ago by being exposed to draughts and sudden changes of temperature."

"I have been under the treatment of specialists and have used many drugs recommended as specifics for catarrh in the head and throat—all to no purpose."

"About three years ago I was induced by a confere in office to try Peru-na."

"After some hesitation, as I had doubts as to results after so many failures, I gave Peru-na a trial, and am happy to state that after using eight or ten bottles of Peru-na I was improved in hearing, and in breathing through the nostrils."

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Money. Money.

\$50,000

TO LOAN ON Improved Farm Lands at a Low Rate of Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE
A SPECIALTY.
TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

— SEE —

D. A. MacCrimmon
The Hay and Grain Man.
Crossfield.

ALBERTA HOTEL,

Good
Accommodation
REASONABLE RATES.

M. R. HANDLEY, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE
-COAL-

We have the exclusive agency for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high class coal from anyone else in town.

Parker
The Livery Barn

As McKee & Co. are retiring from business arrangements have been made by
CHAS. DICKENS,

(From Edinburgh)
WORKING WATCHMAKER
333 8th Ave. East, Calgary.
Just Below The Queens.

For Watches and Jewelry to be left with E. J. Benton, Barber. Parcels are sent from Crossfield ever Monday and Thursday and received back on Tuesday and Friday.

Palace Meat Market

Highest cash price paid for Poultry, Veal and Hides.
We buy hogs, live or dressed any time. Delivered when ordered.

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats Kept in Stock

PALACE MEAT MARKET
G. F. Mitchell, Prop

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta

Editor—J. Mewhort.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908

KING HEROD'S ROOSTER.

The Legend of St. Stephen, First of the Noble Army of Martyrs. Ever since that first Christmas eve the cock has crowed all night long on the unsleeping to keep away evil spirits, for the cock is a holy bird and a knowing one. There is a pleasant tale of him and St. Stephen, the first martyr, whose life is Dec. 26, close by his dear Lord's.

St. Stephen was King Herod's steward. It seems, who served him in the kitchen and at table. One night as he was bringing in the board's head for his master's supper he saw the star shining over Bethlehem. Immediately he set down the huge platter and exclaimed:

"No longer, Herod, will I be thy servant, for a greater King than thou is born."

"What ailst thee?" cried the king wrathfully. "Do you lack meat or drink that you would desert my service for another?"

"Nay," answered Stephen: "I lack neither meat nor drink, but the Child that is born this night is greater than all of us, and him only will I serve."

"That is true," cried Herod, smiling at the table with his hat, "as that this rooster cack on the platter shall crow before us."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the cock stretched his neck and crowed lustily, "Christus nascitur!"

And this was the first time that the words were true. Herod was so angry that he made his soldiers take Stephen outside the walls of Jerusalem and stone him to death. And this is the reason why unto this day St. Stephen is the patron of stonecutters—Able Farwell Brown in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE NEWSBOY'S PIE.

It Took Ham Who Looked Like King.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Two hundred and fifty pairs of little feet, keeping step, are marching to dinner in the New York newsboy's lodging house. Five hundred pairs more are restlessly awaiting their turn upstairs. In prison, school, and elsewhere the great city is host and gives of her plenty. Here an unknown friend has spread a generous repast for the wails who at the rest of the day shift for their selves as best they can—turkey, beef and pie, with vegetables to fill in.

As the file of eager-eyed youngsters passes down the long tables there are swift movements of grimy hands, and swift waists bulge, ragged coats and shabby trousers. Hardly is the seat of the plate raised: "I ain't got no pie! It got swiped on me!" Sees the superintendent laughing: "It's Christmas eve. He taps one tentative ly on the bulging shirt. 'What have you here, my lad?' 'No pie,' responds he, with an innocent look. 'I was scared it would get stole.'"

A little fellow who has been eyeing one of the visitors attentively takes his knife out of his mouth and polishes it at him with conviction. "I know you," he pipes. "You're a pie commissioner. I seen yer picture in the papers. You're Blumhagen!" The clatter of knives and forks ceases suddenly. Seven pies creep stealthily over the edge of the table and are replaced on as many plates. The visitors laugh. It was a case of mistaken identity—Century.

Where Bells Ring Underground.

Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is a valley said to have been caused by an earthquake several hundreds of years ago, and it is now usual on Christmas morning for old men and women to tell their children and young friends to go to the valley stop down and hear the bells ringing merrily in the ruins of the church under the ground—Tit-Bits.

Making It Worth While.

There was a man who dropped a penny down a crack in a board wall. With a wire and a stick he tried to recover the penny for a long time. Then, shaking his head sadly, he went home. But the next morning he returned early in the eve, and he was bending over the crack with a quarter in his hand when a friend happened along and said:

"Hello, Joe! What are you doing there?" "Well, I'll tell you," said the other. "Yesterday I dropped a penny down that crack. Now, I reasoned that it wasn't worth while to pull up four or five boards to find a penny, but last night in bed an idea struck me, and I'm going to drop a quarter down to make it worth my while."

MONEY IN SMALL IDEAS

MOST OF NECESSARY THINGS REMAIN TO BE INVENTED.

Wealth and Fame Await Men Who Will Discover a Method of Cold Soldering For Lead Pipes and Affluence For Inventor of Something Instead of Putty For Window Panes.

It is agreed on all hands that invention opens one of the surest roads to fame and fortune, and one of the shortest too. Now there is no lack of inventive genius; there never were so many clever people in the world as there are to-day, but somehow their energies are not always applied in the right direction, and so they fail. It is just the old story of eyes and no eyes; you cannot see what is wanted.

There is a plumber laboriously pouring molten lead over a pipe joint and smoothing it down with a leather pad. Can you not think of a way to join those pipes cold, and to do it quickly and thoroughly? If you can there is a fortune waiting for you. And there is a nice easy little invention guaranteed to bring in thousands; just a simple and effective means of fastening panes in window frames. Surely it is a slur on the inventive genius of the age that we should still have to resort to this enlightened twentieth century. Then there is the paper carpet. Have you ever thought what an insupportable institution that carpet is? However diligent a housewife may be, she cannot keep it clean. The dust goes through the fibres, and whole worlds of microbes are easily entrenched in its soft pile. Now just think out a cheap and sanitary covering for floors, soft and warm to the feet, and you will have no need for old-age pension.

Have you ever seen a tram-driver leaning over with a long crowbar to shift the points at a junction, or a man at the corner with a lever for the same purpose? Very clumsy and primitive, don't you think? Invert the plan whereby the driver, by simply pressing a footplate on the car-platform, might reverse the point which ever way he desired, and every tramway company in the country will take up your invention.

Tramways suggest roads. The wealth of a Rothschild is waiting for the inventor of a satisfactory tarring material. At present the rule seems to hold that what is good for the wheels is bad for the roads, and vice versa. That is to say, where the road is smooth and the wheels run easily there is no grip—slipshod; and where it is rough the vehicle is hard to drag. Then think of a material to consider. Propelled by the light wheels, it is bound to skid if the surface be at all granular. It is wanted is a smooth, hard, absorbent surface, with at the same time a perfect grip. If this be too hard for you, try to invent a spike that could be quickly fixed on a horse's shoe for the driver—to give grip in time of need.

There are scores of little things awaiting invention, which would not only be of use, but for the invention of which no technical knowledge is required. One of them is a really good in-opener, something that would cut the tin open with one round sweep, without risk of gaining the fingers or ruining the temper. Then there is a crying need for an envelope that would serve for sending small articles through the post. There is nothing of the kind in existence. And an envelope that would not be opened without detection would be hailed with wild enthusiasm by lovers and all those whom circumstances have placed at the mercy of inquisitive landladies.

The bottle that cannot be refilled is still wanted. There are several on the market, it is true, but the right one is yet to come. And how about a boot and shoe fastener? Think how much time you spend in lacing your boots, and how annoying it is when the lace breaks, and you know that you have lost your morning train in consequence of the delay caused. A neat, quick, and simple little device is wanted—something that would cost little to produce and could be easily replaced when worn out. Invent it, and you are wealthy for life.

Stones in Queer Places.

A round stone is found in the joints of certain kinds of bamboo. This is called "labastone" and is supposed to be deposited from the silicious excretion of the plant. Another curiosity of this kind is the cocoon stone, which is found in the endosperm of the cocoon in Java and other East Indian islands. It is pure carbonate of lime and is sometimes round, sometimes oblong, while the appearance is that of a white pearl without much luster. Other stones are as large as cherries and as hard as feldspar or opal. They are rarely found in the same place, the cocoon stone being found in the lower classes and the opal in the upper. Stones are also sometimes found in the pomegranate and in other India fruits.

First Trouser.

The first trousers in their present shape were introduced into the British army in 1813 and tolerated as a legitimate portion of evening dress in 1816.

CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 42
Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Outlook & Armstrong Hall at 7.30 p.m. Visiting Brethren Welcome.
F. W. McLean, Rec. Sec.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157
Meets the first Saturday and third Monday in the month. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.
Geo. W. Boyce, Sec. James Mewhort, Rec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.
Meets Friday on or before the Full Moon. Visiting brethren always welcome.
Geo. W. Boyce, Sec. A. Wheeler, Rec. Sec.

C. W. MOORE,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Carstairs, Alberta
Will be at Crossfield every Thursday.

Dr. LARGE,
Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield, Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

Jas. McCool
ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
and
AUCTIONEER.
Any orders left at the Chronicle office will be promptly attended to.

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Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all Medical Supplies.

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ANNUAL
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Low Round Trip Rates to
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AND
MARITIME PROVINCES
Tickets on sale Dec. 1. to Dec. 31 inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from Nov. 21, and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest Equipment Standard First-class Sleeping and Tourist Cars on all Through Trains.

2 Through Express Trains Daily, THE "TORONTO EXPRESS."
Leaves Winnipeg daily at 12.10, making connections at Toronto for all points east and west thereof.

Apply to nearest C.P.R. Agent for full information.

J. E. PROCTOR,
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Is the Time to get your Wagons fixed, Tyres re-set and all wood work done at

JOHN FREW'S

Shoeing Forge.

Price Reduced!

CANADA'S STAMP PAPER

The future price of the North American Collector to be 25c. a year. Size the same and 20 word ad. Free to all subscribers.
NORTH AMERICAN COLLECTOR
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BREAD
FOR SALE.

\$1 for 13 Tickets.

Rooms 25c. a night.
Room and Board \$5 per week.
Meal Ticket \$4 for 21 meals.
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SEED FOR SALE.

OATS AND BARLEY.
All thoroughly cleaned, Oats 35c a bushel, barley 40c per bushel. Also feed oats for sale 30c. Apply Martin Amussen, 5 miles N. W. of Crossfield. 4410p

FOR SALE.

SHAKESPEARE
In Ten Volumes; Published in 1825. Write for information to—
Henry A. Chapman, Box 602, Hartford, Conn.

Smith.

COMPETENT BOOT MAKER
If it is workmanship, quality and material you desire, then bring your repairs to the right place.

Any Kind of Boots Made to Order
Repairs Done While You Wait
Competition Defied
Satisfaction guaranteed

Note address—
Next Door to Chronicle Office.

Bids for Breaking
1500 Acres in 1909

BIDS Wanted for the following breaking—About 120 acres on S.E. 1/4 Sec. 26-28-2 west of 5th, known as the Archie Schweitzer place, opposite Sunshine Hotel. About 450 acres on Sec. 13-29-2 west of 5th, joining C. Bales' place; also about 135 acres on S.W. 1/4 12-29-2 west of 5th, known as the Fred Downie place, farmed by C. Bales. About 200 acres half a mile from Crossfield, the old Paterson place, opposite Mr. Oldaker's place. Also balance of Sec. 1-29-29 3/4 miles N. E. from Crossfield, west of 4th M., about 500 acres. We will pay up to an estimate of 1/4 for the breaking as it is done, the balance as soon as finished and measured up. Address bids for all or part to—
THOMAS AMERY,
Sprague, Wash., U. S. A.

Horseshoeing

I have made arrangements to undertake the shoeing of horses and am prepared to do this work promptly and well.

Walter Bradley

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded on left ribs. Split in both ears. 441p

Bewitched by a Blond Fairy.

By LESTER ROSE.

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Under ordinary circumstances the trip across the Atlantic would have been quiet indeed. The eastbound traffic was light, and most of it went to the newer and faster boats. There were less than four score passengers in the first cabin, and Dorsey Adams looked forward to a long, quiet week with Nell Sommers.

For more than a year Dorsey had sought to win Nell's hand and with fair prospect of eventual success. When he heard that the family was going to Europe for the winter he planned to take the same boat, and the evident pleasure with which Nell greeted the announcement greatly cheered the anxious Adams.

But the boat had not reached the banks before the course of true love showed its customary unwillingness to move smoothly. They had, in fact, been out less than twenty-four hours when the love course began to resemble the serpentine windings of the Mississippi and evince a far greater roughness than the November seas.

Miss Sommers had spent her first night aboard in the agonies of seasickness, and it was into the next morning when a careful steward and a sympathetic stewardess helped the exhausted girl to the deck and comfortably installed her in a deck chair, where Dorsey presently found her.

Dorsey seated himself on a stool beside her chair and waited for himself diverting, but it was Miss Sommers who found the diversion.

Against Dorsey's dark coat her sharp eyes spied a golden strand. "She leaned forward to remove it, and the next moment she was holding it accusingly before his eyes, while her glance sought the sunny haired sorbette who was crossing to play the London music hall.

"You must have missed me last night, as you say," said Miss Sommers bitterly.

"But look here, Nell," declared Dorsey miserably, "I swear to you that I



spent the whole evening in the smoking room except for a few minutes on deck just before I turned in. I was alone all the evening."

"Do not add perjury to your other offenses," said Miss Sommers coldly. "I hate a man who does not tell the truth. Therefore I hate you. Please go away."

Dorsey went, miserably enough, while Nell Sommers sank back in her stateroom chair lost in her bitter thoughts. She liked Dorsey, and it cut her to the quick that the should have spent the evening flirting with the little sorbette, while she herself lay in her berth vainly wishing the ship would run around it only the awful rolling of the vessel might stop.

Dorsey, manlike, made for the solace of the smoking room. At the head of the companion way lounged one of the men who had been engaged in a poker game the night before. Now his face was wreathed in smiles as he followed the miserable lover to the deck below.

"I see you were caught with the goods," he said, with a laugh, as he took a seat at Dorsey's table. Adams looked at him savagely.

"I wish you'd mind your own damned business," he growled. The stranger only smiled pleasantly.

"Don't be nasty, old man," he complained. "I'm not trying to rub it in. I want to help you out."

There was real friendliness in the tone, and Dorsey colored as he held

out his hand.

"You might go and tell her that I see her in the smoking room all last evening," he suggested. "That was he row."

"A lot of good it would do to say that," said the intruder, with a smile. "She would simply declare that I was listening to you up in an berth. You've got to do better than that old chap. By the way, my name's Greyson—Ben Greyson. What's yours?"

Dorsey made reply, and over the shipboard he passed a couple of minutes. The first gun was fired at luncheon when Greyson leaped across the table and advised Dorsey that there was a hair on his coat. Dorsey carefully removed a long golden strand while he took the retort coldly and pointed out to Greyson the fact that there was a hair upon his own coat. The little sorbette at the end of the table bellowed mirthfully upon the ashamed men.

"I'm glad they are so much," he declared. "If it wasn't such a long one, folks might think it was one of mine. Ain't it funny that I'm the only blond on board?" she ran on. "It's real blond, too," she said proudly as she shook her yellow curls.

Encouraged her hair he said he had removed from his coat. "If your hair was that long," he said, with a smile, "you could work in a museum instead of on board."

"Gee!" said the small sorbette admiringly. "I guess one of the 'hair toons' sisters must be aboard. That hair's five feet if it's an inch."

"Let's ask the purser," suggested Greyson. "He knows the passenger list, and he'll guess he knows the blond too. There's a hair on his coat."

The purser, who was flirtatiously inclined and who had been making himself very attractive to the little sorbette, blushing denied that there was any such person as a blond with long hair aboard, but the others at his table refused to believe his statement and kept up the joke.

The joke became a mystery when long golden hairs commenced to be found on the coats of the men passengers and even occasionally on the dresses of the women. Even the gruff old captain swore softly under his breath when one of the incriminating hairs was found on his coat to the great glee of his officers, who knew him to be a woman hater of the most pronounced type.

As the days progressed the mystery deepened and in default of matters of greater moment became the chief topic of talk. Through it all Dorsey was coldly courteous to Nell, and she returned the coldness with interest.

It was not until the last day of the run that he ventured to reopen his case for a second pleading. Miss Sommers had come on deck after dinner and had sought a place in the bow where she could watch the swirling waters slip past afton and run the impact with the prow. The clouds were breaking up after a storm, and great billows of vapor filled the sky, which reflected in the sea.

So engrossed was she with her thoughts that she did not hear footsteps until a form joined beside her and a hand lightly clasped her own.

"Am I forgiven yet for what I did not do?" asked Dorsey softly. "Believe me, Nell, I did not spend the evening with Miss Clarence. I don't know how that hair got on my coat; honestly I don't. There seems to be some mystery to the whole thing."

"I was wrong," confessed Miss Sommers. "Do you know, Dorsey, I believe that boat is bewitched by a blond!"

"That's it," cried Dorsey. "It must be witchcraft, and you will have to help me exorcise the spirit."

"How?" asked Miss Sommers wonderingly. "I am not versed in the casting out of spirits."

"Make me proof against their charms by marrying me," he explained. "Will you, dear?"

"I think I shall have to wait until it was late that evening that Adams and Greyson sat together in a corner of the smoking room.

"Here's to the spirit of the blond beauty," said Greyson as he lifted his glass, "and here's to the life of happiness to the happy pair. I'm glad that I helped to straighten out the trouble even though it did cost me my very best sample of the wonderful effects of Hairy's hair healer. It's wonderful stuff, grows hair on the balddest heads and heals wounded feelings. It was a hard job, though, to plant all those hairs without the victims finding out the trick and spoiling it all."

It is deemed by the Volin brothers of Paris that the Wright aeroplane can never have any value for practical purposes. They remark that the life Wright aeroplane is the monomobile of aviation. Any one can work a triplane with in half an hour. One can learn to ride a biplane in a few hours, but to ride a monomobile takes a long time and the native gifts of the acrobat. So the Wright aeroplane will never be superseded, but the "bird" for the sportsman. The Volin brothers believe in their "triplanes" on account of their stability.

Criticizes the Aeroplane.

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THAT WAIST.

The Button-It-Up-in-the-Bank Variety Causes the Usual Trouble.

Scene—At home. Discovered—A husband and wife. She—Dear, do you mind helping me? He—All ready five minutes before.

He has just finished brushing his evening clothes and is now looking over the stock report in the evening paper and smoking a cigarette—What do you want?

She (her mouth full of hairpins)—Button up this waist, will you? He (throwing down paper)—Where is the maid?

She—Now, dear, you know this is her afternoon off. Hurry! He (getting up and walking over back of her. He takes hold of waist at top and starts on top button—What's the matter with these buttons anyway?

She (sweetly)—Now, don't lose patience. They slip right in if— He—How do you suppose I can get the thing together when you're squirming like an eel?

She (deceiving her head from one side to the other, absorbed in getting her hair right)—You can do it. He (savage)—Look here! You keep still! Now I've got to begin all over. (He starts in, his face knotted up in agony and, working frantically, gets three buttons done. Now!—What's that? I've got one more. Keep still! Don't you dare move! There!

"Finished!" She (standing up)—Oh, you wretch! Don't you see— He—What the devil is the matter with this waist quite apart from mere reflection.

She—Why, don't you see? Can't you see that you've started me? It's all got to be done over. He—It's all right, but the use? We'll stay at home—Rebott Sunday Herald.

The Perils of the Time. Chug-chug! Br-r-r! Br-r-r! Gillingill-gillingill! The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked ahead from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching. Zip-sip! Zing-sing! He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway albatross in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a marble cover. Quickly he jumped to the sidewalk and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MAKING BOOK PLATES. An Invention That Was Long After Printing Press.

It was within half a century from the invention of printing that book plates were introduced as identifying marks to indicate the ownership of the volume.

Germany, the fatherland of printing from movable type, and of the art of making impressions in ink on paper, is likewise the home land of the book plate.

The earliest record of accepted authenticity is the well known St. Christopher of 1423, which was discovered in the Carthusian monastery of Buxheim in Swabia.

It was to insure the right of ownership in a book that the owner had it marked with the coat-of-arms of the family or some other heraldic device. Libraries were kept intact and passed from generation to generation, bearing the emblem of the family.

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TORTOISE SHELL.

The Way the Plates Are Removed From the Animal.

The comb of tortoise shell has a very pale and translucent yellow, the only really valuable kind of shell.

Only very poor quality of shell, untrimmed with the cheaper kind, the dealer said. "Do you know why? Because the imitations are all made like this."

"That is one vulgar error about shell. Another is that the tortoise is killed to get its shell casing. That is as absurd an error as it would be to say a sheep was killed to get its wool."

"What is done? The fisherman, having caught a tortoise, he him and then cover his back with dry grass and leaves. They set fire to this stuff. It burns slowly, and the heat causes the thirteen plates of the shell to loosen at the joints. With a knife the plates are pried off, and afterward the tortoise is set free. The base, or root, of his shell is intact and will grow again. If tortoises were killed to get their shell they would long since have become extinct."

"On every tortoise is, as it were, a farm—a shell farm. Fishermen catch him regularly and with heat and a knife gently remove his shell."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COLORS IN THE OCEAN. Various Causes for the Different Tints of the Water.

Sky and cloud colors are often reflected in the sea, but just as the air has its sunset glow so water has its coloring tint quite apart from mere reflection.

Olive and brown lines in the waves off the coast of the Malay peninsula washed from the shore, as blue as blue chiefly from reflected sky. But there are many other colors in the sea. Almost every long voyage at sea spots of reddish brown color are noticed at one time or another. When a few drops of the discolored water are examined under a microscope myriads of minute cylinder shaped algae are seen, some separate, some joined together in long chains. It is the organism—sometimes called "sea sawdust"—which has given the name to the Red sea, although it also abounds in the waters of other seas. Sometimes the water far from land will be seen to be of a chocolate hue for an extent of several miles, and this is caused by the presence of millions of minute one-celled animals which latch themselves along each on their erratic individual course by means of the finest of hair-like threads of cilia.—Pearson's.

The Traces of the Beasts. On every Malay island the traces of the beasts—while here live as scheduled, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in prehistoric days—are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay at the drinking places of the natives. Here and there a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the trunk of a tree. And, so, coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long, sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here, again, is the pad mark of a tiger barely an hour old, and the pitted tracks of deer of all sizes and various surroundings. Deeply punched holes which are the footsteps of an elephant.—Cornhill Magazine.

Settled the Sign. When William M. Evans was secretary of state a famous senator the latter smoking a cigar. The new man promptly took the smoker on the elbow and said, pointing at the senator's cigar, "That sign?" Evans promptly tore down the offending notice and, turning to the senator, said, "What sign? I don't see any." The attendant, suspecting something, wisely held his peace, but he followed the pair out and asked the senator if the sign was the sign of the large head was. The guard told him.

When Illicit Distilling Was common in the highlands there was an old man who was known as the country repairing whisky pot.

The gauger met him one day and, learning that he had been doing repairs at no great distance, asked what he would like to inform him of. The gauger, however, refused to say any. The attendant, suspecting something, wisely held his peace, but he followed the pair out and asked the senator if the sign was the sign of the large head was. The guard told him.

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AN ATTRACTIVE CRAFT.

Many Women Are Taking Up Metal Work as a Trade.

Metal offers new problems to the woman seeking a craft, not the least being her own physical strength and the good will of her neighbors. It takes a strong arm to beat up a copper or silver bowl and strong nerves to stand the din if you are not the one who is making it. Heavy forming is far from being a parlor accomplishment, yet those who have succeeded in it are

its jealous adherents, and the ready state they find for their work would seem to justify them. In other metal work is noisy there are phases of it which are less so than others. Jewelry is comparatively quiet, as well as the making of small objects which can be shaped with the saw and files or formed on wood.

Copper is the favorite metal with beginners. It is the easiest to work, but brass, is cheaper than silver and lends itself admirably to small designs, such as paper knives, candle holders, and other small objects. Copper buckles, clasps and similar articles of personal adornment are popular just now, and, while generally requiring a knowledge of jewelry to make them wholly successful, they may be contrived without it.

For small outlay this sheet metal work yields very satisfactory results, not only in the designs it produces, but in combination with the other crafts and as a preparation for the advanced processes of metal work, jewelry or enameling.

The fascination found in making things that are purely ornamental has been the impelling motive to women to take up jewelry. Those who can draw and have a sense of proportion, line and color have the necessary requirements to succeed in this most delightful craft. But the question of finding a market may not permit the exception.—Good Housekeeping.

A Chicken Left Over. "What do I do with cold chicken?" said the old housekeeper. "If I do not eat it, I shall have to throw it away. I prefer it, I fix it by a recipe given me by a Swiss cook we once had."

"I cut the chicken into neat pieces, salt and pepper them and sprinkle them with finely chopped parsley and onion. I then cover them with oil and brown them in a hot oven. I never sell them, letting them remain until they have become well flavored."

A better is made of four ounces of dough and enough milk to make a stiff batter. Into this are stirred half a wingless of brandy and an egg. The white and yolk beaten to a froth.

Let the batter stand for an hour before using, then dip the chicken into it and fry in boiling fat. Serve with fried parsley and a rich cream sauce."

Take Care of Your Brushes. Tooth and nail brushes should always be kept in a tin. Wash them in all water can drain from them.

Household brushes last much longer when taken care of and washed regularly. Henry's hair brush never seizes or allows to rust on the bristles.

Antient. "You never give credit for the jokes you print?"

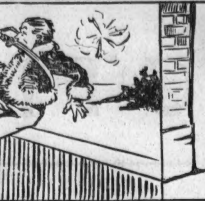
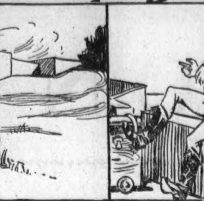
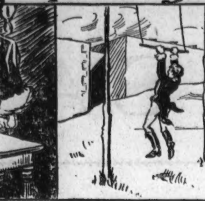
He responded the editor of the Punkville Palladium. "I don't know whom to give credit to. Noah failed to carry those records into the ark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Apologized. Henry, aged three, was left alone with his three-month-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened.

"Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked

Thrilling Adventures of a Boy Soldier

Capturing an Impregnable Fort



TELLS THE MARSHAL HIS PLAN

SWUNG ON THE TRAPEZE

LANDED ON THE PARAPET

THREW OPEN THE GATES

DURING the Austrian campaign Emperor Napoleon instructed one of his marshals to capture a certain fort. Now, this fort was so strongly fortified as to be deemed almost impregnable. Naturally, therefore, it would be supposed that the marshal would be provided with all the engines of war in order that he might lay siege and take the fort. But for some reason Napoleon rejected to supply such equipment.

You may know that consequently the marshal was much embarrassed. Summoning the officers of his staff, he discussed the matter with them. None could suggest a way out of the difficulty.

One of the escort of the marshal was a young officer named Francois, who had gained rapid promotion through his gallant service, though he was but a

boy. Francois was absent from the court of the marshal's staff, but upon his return he learned of the problem which confronted his general.

"Marshal," said Francois, the following day, "I have a splendid scheme

whereby the fort may be captured. We require the two covered by low tides for half an hour. At the end of that time I'll attack. And if I give you full power to carry out your plan, may you be successful?"

Francois immediately caused to be erected just outside the walls of the fort two high posts, between which he suspended a trapeze. Then he had several of his soldiers exercise upon it in order that all suspicions of the enemy

would be allayed. That night, however, he set out under cover of the mantle of darkness. First climbing his sword between his teeth, he climbed upon the trapeze and then suspended himself by his hands.

Once, twice, thrice he swung. Gaining momentum with each turn, finally he described in a circle almost three-quarters of a circle.

Then, on the last forward swing, he released his hold on the bar. Hurtling through the air he went. A moment and he landed on the parapet of the fort.

With an exclamation of triumph he crept silently forward. Leaping upon the sentry, he made a deadly sword thrust before the soldier could make outcry. Another guard he finished in the same way. Francois now rushed to the gates, threw them open and shouted for a company of his soldiers who were waiting outside. Without a second's hesitation the French soldiers swarmed into the fort. So surprised was the garrison that it could offer but little resistance. Soon the fort was in the hands of the emperor.

You may have seen that the emperor Francois was rewarded with a count of 100,000 francs. He was still on the staff of the marshal.

Next time you read of a boy soldier in another dangerous and thrilling exploit, "The Boy Soldier" will describe next week.

Freedom for a Day

HERBERT and Louise were very, very tired of obeying their mother in all things. Therefore, one morning, shortly after breakfast, Herbert asked:

"Mother, may we not behave just as we like for one day, without being told to do this and to do that?"

His mother smiled. "Very well, my dear," said she; "and I think you will

A Queer Watchdog



FOR a fox to become a watchdog is like a robber turning policeman, isn't it? Yet that's exactly what happened to a fox in Scotland. He was very young when he was caught, trying to steal a fat hen, and he was a pretty little fellow, too. So the man decided to spare the animal's life and to tame him, if possible.

The fox responded to this kindness, and in gratitude to his new master installed himself as watchdog. As he is so much more keen and quick witted than a mere dog, he serves as a very good watchman, indeed. You see what a cozy kennel he has. Wouldn't you like to have him for a pet?

Growth of a Crab

THERE was once a boy who saw a crab. It was a big crab, but not a very big crab. The boy however, had never seen any but very little crabs, so he was much frightened. And he ran away to his father, crying.

"Oh father, I saw a crab on the beach that's as big as a dog!"

Of course, the father, who was a sailor, wanted to see the crab. So he made his way toward the ocean. While going down the street he saw the village policeman, to whom he said:

"There's a giant crab down on the beach that's as big as a dog!"

And the policeman, hastening after, shouted to the butcher, who was toiling within his shop:

"Come along and have a look at the giant crab that's as big as a dog!"

Immediately the butcher hurried from the shop, without pausing to remove his apron. As he dashed across the street after the others he called to a hunter passing by:

"Don't miss seeing a giant crab that's down on the beach. It's as big as an ox!"

The hunter, very much excited, joined the butcher, and they hurried forward to overtake the others.

When the party came in sight of the beach the policeman pulled out his revolver, the butcher brandished a great meat cleaver in his hand, while the hunter cocked his rifle. So, doubt, this savage crew was dangerous and it were best to be well prepared to meet danger.

Then, when the boy pointed out the



HE SAW A BIG CRAB

and the policeman blamed the sailor, and the sailor spanked the boy, until, at last, the matter of fact, each was to blame. The hunter, who was probably would have done as did the others had he not any better to stick to the plain truth, even though a few grandiose might make the tale ever so much more fascinating.

Legend of the Kind Mermaid

IT WAS many years ago that little Jacques first put to sea in his father's fishing boat. The lad's father had just died, and although Jacques' mother pleaded with him not to undertake such a heavy and dangerous task, he said: "I'm already 12, mother, and I must work so that we may live."

With these courageous words he kissed

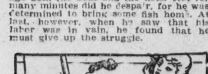


his mother good-bye. She stood a long time watching the boat as it danced away on the waves that wash the coast of Britain.

But from a wild storm which filled the sails and sent the boat scudding over



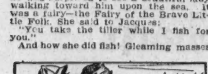
the water, now crested with foam, Jacques' boat was dashed to pieces. Jacques and his crew were lost. Not for many minutes did he cease, for he was determined to bring some fish home. At last, however, when he saw that his boat was in a bad way, he found that he must give up the struggle.



As he was about to draw up the net he was surprised to see a beautiful lady walking toward him upon the sea. It was a fairy—the Fairy of the Brave Little Fish. She said to Jacques:

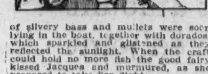
"You take the tither while I fish for you."

And how she did fish! Gleaming masses



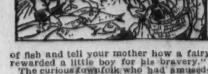
of silvery bass and mullets were swirling in the boat, together with dories, which sparkled and glittered as they reflected the sunlight. When the craft could hold no more, the good fairy kissed Jacques and murmured, as she prepared to take her flight:

"Now sail away home with your cargo



of fish and tell your mother how a fairy rewarded a little boy for his bravery."

The curious couple who had anxiously observed the boy sail forth with his boat now clustered on the beach to witness his return. They were overcome with amazement when they saw the great load of fish—the finest catch ever made off the coast. And, in their rapture, they hastened to buy from the



boy. It was a good fairy, mother," Jacques explained, as he threw his arms about her and gave her the money which was to bring comfort into the little hut that had been so cheerless but a short time before.

"A THORN PIERCED HER FINGER"

one, after all, that mother knows best what is for your good."

But Herbert and Louise hardly waited to hear the last words. They were already on their way to the garden. There Louise remained to pluck roses, while Herbert continued toward the orchard.

In gathering the fragrant roses, Louise disclaimed the use of garden shears. She could break the stems just as well with her fingers, she knew; and she wouldn't be disobeying mother, because mother had given permission for her to do exactly as she desired this day. A moment later, however, she learned the wisdom of mother's method, for a great thorn pierced her fingers and tore the flesh so that the blood flowed rapidly.

She had not dried her tears before she heard a wail from the orchard. Herbert had ventured to climb a tree which



mother had pronounced unsafe. The fragile limb along which he had crawled had broken and he had fallen to the ground with a thud. Rubbing his bruises ruefully he directed his steps toward the kitchen, where, so forget his woe, he began to eat as many apples as he possibly could.

At luncheon, instead of eating frugally of the food before him, Louise greedily devoured everything upon the table. Herbert had eaten so great a number of apples that his appetite was entirely gone.

"ATE AS MANY AS HE COULD"

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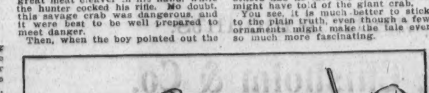
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"ATE AS MANY AS HE COULD"



boy. It was a good fairy, mother," Jacques explained, as he threw his arms about her and gave her the money which was to bring comfort into the little hut that had been so cheerless but a short time before.

The curious couple who had anxiously observed the boy sail forth with his boat now clustered on the beach to witness his return. They were overcome with amazement when they saw the great load of fish—the finest catch ever made off the coast. And, in their rapture, they hastened to buy from the

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Importance of Attractive Dining Rooms

"WE EAT to live; we do not live to eat," is a time-stained saying. It is almost invariably uttered complacently, and seldom in absolute sincerity. There is something wrong physically with the man who "does not care what he eats." There is a twist in the moral make-up of the woman who finds catering for the appetites of those she loves "a wretched bore, don't you know?"

Next in importance to the "house-plant" in the estimation of the wise and mother of the home comes the dining room. Where, three times a day, she has her brood under the wings of the mother bird, she has her brood under the wings of the mother bird. "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are"—there is a proverbial grain of truth in the legend.

So much of a man's temper and morals during the day depends upon what he has had for breakfast that the mother may well give serious thought to the composition of the meal. So much depends upon where and how he eats his breakfast, that the wonder grows in the philosophic mind that the eating room and the appearance thereof are a third-rate consideration with so many other excellent matters.

The housemother who can let sunshine into the morning meeting place of the family scores an important point in favor of the success of her pious scheme. Since this cannot always be, her aim should be to make the dining room as bright and cheerful as possible. Walls of pale buff, the flash of a gilt frame here and a bit of bright drapery there; yellow silk ash curtains, and, on the sideboard, the glitter of silver and glass will go far to relieve the depressing influence of an apartment where the sun never falls.

There is no excuse now for setting a table with coarse, thick stone ware, even when there is no "company" (that phrase) present. Graceful designs may be had in ware so cheap as to be within the reach of any woman who can spread a table of her own.

In the matter of napery, modern fashion comes benevolently to the help of the poor in purse. Have the top of your table polished with a mixture of raw linseed oil and turpentine—three parts of oil, one of turpentine—rubbed in long and short, and then set for breakfast and for luncheon with a linen square—unbordered or with a narrow, hemstitched—laid diagonally to the table corners, in the middle of the square, a small, round, white plate, a carving cloth before the mistress of the house, and a tray cloth before the mistress. The effect is pleasing and decorative, the more agreeable to the homely eye because the white is so much more noticeable.

Take your ingenuity in every way to make the place as well as to make it a place where one can sit and talk and eat and drink and be sociable and comfortable. In the dining room, the more agreeable to the homely eye because the white is so much more noticeable.

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AUCTION SALE.

HORSES AND CATTLE.

The Undersigned has received instructions to sell by Public Auction for Martin Asmussen on J. Chisholm's farm Two miles North and Two miles west on telephone line, On

Friday, January 8th,

The Following:

Team Geldings 3 years old	12 Steers, 3-yr old
Team " 7 and 8-yr. old	8 " 2-yr. old
Black Mare, 8 years old	3 " 4-yr. old
Sorrel Mare, 7 years old	15 Calves
5 Yearlings	16 Cows

Other articles will also be disposed of.

Sale to Commence at One O'clock Sharp.

TERMS---All sums of \$15 or under cash. Over that amount 12 months credit will be allowed on furnishing approved joint notes bearing interest at 8 per cent. 5 per cent. discount for cash on all credit Amounts.

Asmussen, Chisholm & Co.
Owners

J. G. Riddle,
Auctioneer

TWO IN ONE ALBERTA FAMILY

Cured of Eczema by D.D.D. Prescription. Mrs. D. McGilivray of Nanaimo, Alta., tells of her experience last spring.

She wrote us on March 9th, 1908: "I am glad to say I received the three One Dollar Bottles of D.D.D. and two cakes of Soap safely, and am delighted with the result of both. Prescription and Soap. The Soap is all that is required to complete the treatment. The little boy of two years and a half is to all appearances cured of the dreadful Eczema."

"My baby girl at two months broke out with the same rash and I treated her with the D.D.D. and am perfectly satisfied she is cured, to our great joy. I feel sure it is an excellent remedy for all skin diseases, and I can highly recommend it. I shall always try and keep a bottle as a household remedy, for we feel thankful to you for it. I shall be glad to recommend it to any one suffering with skin trouble."

Why let the little ones suffer from horrid itching skin diseases? Why upset their stomachs with vile drugs when D.D.D. Prescription, applied externally, will give instant relief and a speedy cure?

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

If you have never tried D.D.D. Prescription write us today, enclosing only 10c to help pay postage, and packing and we will send you free a trial bottle of this wonderful remedy. Let us prove its merits to you—Send Right Now for the Free Trial Bottle.

D. D. D. COMPANY,
23 Jordan Street, Dept. T. P. 14,
Toronto, Ont.

A Definition.

"Can you tell me what steam is?" asked the examiner.

"Why, sure, sir," replied Patrick, confidently. "Steam is—why—er, it's wather that's gone crazy wid the heat."—Tit-Bits.

For Burns and Scalds.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will take the fire out of a burn or scald more rapidly than any other preparation. It should be at hand in every kitchen so that it may be available at any time. There is no preparation required. Just apply the oil to the burn or scald and the pain will abate and in a short time cease altogether.

Mrs. Green—You have never taken me to the country that all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They cure one hundred dollars and if it fails to cure, send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Stella—Did you accept Jack? Bella—Yes, but I endorsed Tom at the same time.—Harper's Bazar.

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not desert, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

Ayer's

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

DEMANSHIP

Business and Social. The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Demanship for the year 1908.

G. W. DONALD, Manager.

And Original for fourteen years.

W. N. U. No. 717.

Didn't Know How to Draw It.

A teacher in a certain eastern school asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went diligently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, policemen, fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard, but one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand. The teacher observing down his work said—"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?"

"I know," replied the little girl. "I know I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

A young lady, on her vacation said: "Oh, auntie, it's such a luxury to have nothing to do but just to lie in a hammock with my precious 'Shelley' or even the 'Vicar of Wakefield'."

"Child," said the aunt, "if I had of any more such scandalous things I shall write to your mother."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way except losses and expenses. Misfortune never came by themselves. One day his daughter informed him in a cold and unfeeling manner, that if he did not give her a diamond tiara worth at least a thousand she would elope with the coachman.

"Come to my arms, my darling," he exclaimed, as tears of joy coursed down his wrinkled cheeks. "Come to my arms."

"Do I get the tiara?" she asked, hesitating as she accepted his invitation.

"Of course not," he smiled, delightedly. "You get the coachman. I owe him nine months' wages."—Harper's Weekly.

Repeat It.

It is—Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The imports of apples this season in Great Britain amount to 12,000,000 bushels. It is apparent that Canadian exporters are ousting the British. Imports from Australia are also increasing.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Expeller has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

Myer—Ever notice that dilapidated old umbrella Jones carries? Gyer—Yes. It is evidently one of the shades of his ancestors.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Ye ain't thinkin' 'bout emigratin' air ye, Year?"

"Ye, ye, soon's I find th' intemperance zone!"

KEEP BABY WELL.

No matter whether baby is sick or well Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the house. They not only cure the minor disorders of childhood, but prevent them and should be given whenever the little ones show the slightest signs of illness. Children take the Tablets as readily as candy, and they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says:—"My baby was greatly troubled with colic and cried night and day, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I advise all mothers to use this medicine."

by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Carat.

This tiny standard of weight, although not one person in a million ever makes practical use of it, possesses great prestige because of its connection with diamonds and other precious stones. But how many readers have any clear idea of the weight represented by a carat? In England it is customary to reckon 151½ carats to the ounce troy. This makes the carat equivalent to 206.3 milligrams, or 3.1683 grains. An attempt is now being made to secure general recognition in all countries of a metric standard carat of 200 milligrams.

An Oklahoma Curiosity.

Oklahoma presents a citizen who for weight and breadth probably has no equal in the country. At a little town called Bugler there is a living curiosity in the person of See-kou-to, an American Caddo Indian, who is wider than he is long. He measures seven feet and four inches around the waist, and is less than six feet tall. He is twenty-six years of age and weighs 690 pounds. For obesity he is conceded to be a world beater and is considering an offer to tour the world.—Utica Press.

A New Guest Book.

A clever idea is the new guest book of which our hostess has thought. It is long and narrow, with a carriage paper back and blank sheets of writing paper on the inside. Tied to this book by a long ribbon is a lead pencil.

On the fly leaf the following is written: "To the guests: If during your stay with me this afternoon or evening there has been a simple, pleasant happening which might be a pleasant memory in after years, kindly enter it in this book of pleasant recollections."

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and five cents to cure postman, and we will send you a "Guest Book" made in the U.S.A.

SCOTT & BOWNE
138 Wellington Street W., TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOCTOR SAID
"I CAN'T HELP YOU"

Suffered 10 Months with Kidney Complaint. Gin Pills Cured.

Dunbar, Iavarna Co.

I am perfectly cured of Kidney complaint after using Gin Pills. Six hours' relief, and now after three months I feel as well as ever.

I suffered ten months and the Physician attending me advised me to go to the Victoria Hospital at Halifax, as he could do nothing more for me. I may add that I used a great deal of medicine, and strictly followed my physician's directions regarding diet, etc., but without avail, until providentially I learned of your most excellent remedy. I am recommending Gin Pills.

(Sgd.) LEWIS MACPHERSON.

Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or sent direct. Write for sample, free if you mention this paper.

Dep't. N-10, National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 120

SAMPLE COPY FREE

Would you like to have a sample copy of **The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal**?

The Best Agricultural and Home Paper

on the American Continent. No progressive farmer can afford to be without it. Published weekly. Only \$1.50 per year. Drop post card for free sample copy.

Send Agents Wanted. Address: **Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal**, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

MENTION THIS PAPER

Somewhat Different.

Long—I owe a great deal to my mother.

Short—So do I, but I owe more to my landlady.

The efficacy of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Bypar in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by physicians, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

The young man who sets out to be the architect of his own fortune must not scorn to be the bricklayer and hod carrier as well.—George Herbert Westley.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Mother—My child, you shouldn't believe more than half you hear.

Daughter—I know that, mamma, but how can I tell which half—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Why He Was Not Prepared.

On entering the stable suddenly the head of the horse came forth and his own young son deeply engaged with the broken tail of a kite.

"Blow in it, William," he began, severely. "That I never find you at work when I come out here!"

"I know," volunteered the son; "it's on account of those rubber heels you are wearing now."—Youth's Companion.

Doctors

say take Cod Liver Oil—they undoubtedly mean Scott's Emulsion.

It would be just as sensible for them to prescribe Quinine in its crude form as to prescribe Cod Liver Oil in its natural state. In

Scott's Emulsion

the oil is emulsified and made easy to take—easy to digest and easy to be absorbed in to the body—and is the most natural and useful fatty food to feed and nourish the wasted body that is known in medicine today.

Nothing can be found to take its place. If you are run-down you should take it.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and five cents to cure postman, and we will send you a "Scott's Emulsion" made in the U.S.A.

SCOTT & BOWNE
138 Wellington Street W., TORONTO, ONT.

A SCIENTIFIC RUBE.

Knew More Than the Expert When It Came to Local Conditions.

"We were sitting around the stove in the bar of the little hotel in a Maine town," writes an electrical salesman in the Electrical Review, "while the electric lights flickered and went out."

"From the darkness came a solemn voice that said:

"Electric lights all out, 'gosh, and yet it ain't blowin' hard, either. Somethin's happened to the dynamo, maybe."

"I had been selling electrical supplies to the little lighting companies for several months, but I had never heard this particular idea expressed before."

I laughed long and loud and was all the more amused when no one joined me.

"After they had lighted a big kerosene lamp I proceeded to explain to the crowd that incandescent lamps can't be blown out by the wind. When I had finished the old rube who had commented on the light said:

"Look here, young man, if you knew a little somethin' about local conditions and about your own business you'd know that the wires in this township are hung up slack on the poles in some places and that they would slatter in a good stiff breeze. When they do there's a short circuit that puts the line out of business."

BALLOONING.

It is a Safe and Simple Sport, but Not a Cheap One.

The only peril in a balloon ascension is such poor weather as careful aeronauts choose for a voyage is in alighting, and in a well ordered expedition, where all the passengers keep cool and cling to the car, there is no danger at all.

Even if the wind is blowing hard the strong elastic woven willow basket takes up the danger part of the shock. One of these baskets ought to fly up its passengers unhurt from a landing in a wind blowing fifty miles an hour.

Balloonng under moderately favorable circumstances is a safe and simple sport, and a very cheap amusement. As a pilot and transportation of passengers and balloon home, costs in this country from \$35 to \$75 a passenger. It is less in France. From Paris you can make an ascension for about a hundred francs.

The fare home is a very variable expense. Nothing is more uncertain than the spot where you will land. Of course it is easy to descend whenever you like. You may limit your flight to a couple of hours.—Albert White Vorse in Success Magazine.

A Sea Story.

"Of all my sea experiences," said the captain, "was the strangest."

The ladies at the handsome captain's table said "Hush!" to one another and turned to the ruddy mariner with listening ears.

"We were carrying," he said, "a lot of troop horses. A dreadful storm overtook us, and for two days we wallowed in the trough of a big sea."

Finally it was decided that, to lighten the ship, the horses must go overboard.

"They went overboard in the morning. As soon as they saw that the horses were abandoned they turned and began to swim bravely after us. Brave, by Jove, they swam!"

"I loved us for miles and miles. I still see them, a long line, their necks arched, pushing poorly through the heavy sea."

"They sank, poor brutes, one by one."

The captain smiled sadly.

"And I still seem to have," he said, "all those deaths on my conscience."

The Allegheny Mountains.

Not more than five of our presidents down to Lincoln's time ever crossed the Allegheny Mountains, and four of these were western men who had to cross the mountains to reach Washington—Presidents Jackson, Polk, General W. H. Harrison and Taylor.

President Monroe crossed the mountains on his return trip from west to east in 1817. Van Buren crossed west in 1832, two years after the expiration of his presidential term, and saw the mountains then for the first time. It was on this trip that he got upset and dumped in the mud near Philadelphia, Frederick county.—Exchange.

Black Watch

A new sensation. A real pleasure.

The big black plug.

Chewing Tobacco.

2270

Covered With Sores

LITTLE GIRL SUFFERED GREATLY WITH ITCHING, STINGING ECZEMA—CURE GAVE WITH USE OF

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

Baby eczema brings her suffering to many a little mother and worry and anxiety to many a mother, who can find nothing to cope with it—nothing that will stop the dreadful itching and heal the raw, flaming skin.

Doctors fail, internal medicines are at the best slow and uncertain, and often do more harm than good to young children. Dr. Chase's Ointment, on the other hand, is applied direct to the diseased parts and brings relief and cure.

Mrs. Rollie Narrie, Sine, Hastings Co., Ont., writes:—"Our little girl had itching eczema over her face and shoulders, and we could get nothing that would stop the itching and heal the raw, flaming skin."

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D. A. MacCrimmon.

Agent for

Massey-Harris Farm Implements.

Sawyer & Massey—

Threshing Outfits.

Road Graders and Scrapers.

Wm. Gray & Son Co. Ltd.—

High Grade Carriages, Etc.

Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co., Ltd.

Windmills.

The Famous Strickney Gasoline Engines.

Floor Grinders.

Well Drilling Outfits.

Pumps, Etc.

Mason Campbell—

Celebrated Chatham Fanning Mills.

Kitchen Cabinets.

Incubators and Brooders.

Farm Scales.

Novelty Repair Shop.All Kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work
Made and Repaired.

All Kinds of Boots Made and Repaired.

JOHN MORRISON,

Next door to Hultgren & Davie's Office.

SKATES SHARPENED

Clubbing RatesWith the Leading Newspapers and
Magazines can be got at this Office.**JAS. DRYBURGH
Harnessmaker.**Harness - - Saddles - - Spurs
Trunks and Suit Cases.

Repair Work Promptly Attended To.

Renew Your Subscription NOW!WHEN YOU BUY LIFE
INSURANCE There are two
things to consider.First, the Company,
A Clean Record and Absolute
Security is offered by the
LONDON LIFESecond, the
Policy Contract
Investigation will prove our
Reserve Dividend Policies are
unequalled**London
Life**

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD."

W. S. SAUNDERS

District Superintendent, Calgary

Chas. Hultgren

Agent at Crossfield.

**Canadian
Pacific****Western
Excursions**

SINGLE FARE

Plus \$2.00 for the

Round Trip

From all stations in Ontario, Port
Arthur and west, Manitoba, Sask-
atchewan and Alberta to**VANCOUVER****VICTORIA and****WESTMINSTER**

Also to OKANAGAN VALLEY

and KOOTENAY POINTS.

Tickets on sale December 1, 2, 3, 17,
18, 19, 1908. January 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 23,
and 24, 1909, good to return within
three months.J. E. PROCTOR,
Dist. Pass. Agent, Calgary.

\$5 REWARD.

ENTRAY. — Bay gelding with white
star in forehead; weight about 1050
lbs. branded RB on left shoulder. Re-
ward \$5. Horse is believed to be east
of town.

R. L. BOYLE.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m.
and 7:30 p. m.Prayer meeting will be held on Thurs-
day evening.A full report of the Golden Rod enter-
tainment will appear next week.The Misses Marshall, of Calgary, were
the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards on
Thursday last.Church of England service will be
held in Glover & MacCormack hall
Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11.30 a. m.Latest reports from Calgary says that
E. J. Clayton continues to improve and
he hopes to be able to return home in a
few days.Quite a number of our farmers are
taking advantage of the good roads and
are hauling their hay to Calgary where
it finds a ready market.Mr. A. B. Groves, has the building for
his chopping mill almost completed and
will move in shortly. It is much more
up-to-date and convenient than the old
one.Mr. Bert Clelland is rushing the work
on Jas. MacCormack's new house which is
situated about three miles east of town.
Bert is a hustler and can be depended
upon to do an excellent job and in the
proper time.N. L. McNeil's sale took place on Mon-
day last and was most successful. The
mid day drew a large crowd. The bid-
ding might have been a little brisker but
good prices were realized, especially on
the cattle and horses. L. Farr was the
auctioneer with J. M. Windsor as clerk.A meeting of the licence commissioners
of district 4 was held on Wednesday to
consider the renewal of the Airdrie Hotel
licence. D. C. Bayne of Banff and T.
Moorhouse, Calgary, with licence inspec-
tor Chamberlain were present, and they
concluded by recommending the renewal
to Mr. J. H. Smith.It looks as though this district was to
get her share of the great influx of set-
tlers from the South this coming spring.
This week four large loads of lumber were
placed on the section east of L. Vansickle
land and we are informed that four re-
sidences will be erected thereon as soon
as weather conditions permit. Calgary
lumber merchants are supplying the
material.**WEST BEAVERDAM**The millionaire store keeper was in
town on Tuesday on business.Miss Mary Walsh has returned from
her trip East. She says West Beaver-
dam is good enough for her. Eli boys?Old Nick and sons have taken over the
store business of Sambo and are going to
set a hot pace. Things are going to hum
in town they say.The bathing season opened on the 27th
when quite a crowd assembled at the
local hot springs to take the water.
The water was baked so hard that they
had to chop a hole with axes.**LOCAL MARKETS.**

Potatoes, per bushel.....	\$0.35
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus.....	.75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, per,72 c.
Wheat, No. 3,69 c.
Wheat, No. 4,63 c.
Wheat, No. 5,57 c.
Flax90 c.
Oats24 c.
Barley30 c.
Eggs30 c.
Butter .. lb.25 c.
Hogs, live weight ..	\$4.75
Hogs, dressed ..	\$6.25
Cattle, live weight lb. 3 c. to 4 c.	
Cows, live weight ..	2 to 2 1/2

G. W. Boyce

PRACTICAL PAINTER

And

PAPERHANGER

Kalsomining, Tinting,
Graining, Gilding, Glazing,
And all kinds of Painting.**\$10.00 REWARD.**LOST—At Crossfield, since September
23rd, Four Cows: One 8 yrs. dark
yellow, white face, brand B on right
side hind leg. One 5 years old dark
yellow; one 4 years old dark
black, hind legs white; other 4 years
old, white spotted on sides and
underneath. Michael Berthel, Cross-
field, P. O., or Colonisation Lands
East.**For The
HOLIDAY TRADE**

At

W. URQUHART'S

WE Are Prepared To Supply All

Your Wants In The Line of

TABLE DELICACIES

And

FANCY GROCERIES.

Largest, Cleanest Stock

The Freshest Goods

The Best Quality

The Lowest Prices

WE have a Complete Line of Fresh Candles and New

Nuts, Fancy Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Figs, Dates,
Raisins, Etc.

A Full Line of Everything Kept in a First Class Store.

**W. Urquhart,
Crossfield****We Are The People**

Call at the Store of E. B. Shantz if you want to buy

Robes and Blankets

At Very Low Prices.

We have only a few Robes on hand and a nice assortment
of Blankets that we will now offer at Prices that will clear
out the entire stock.We bought the entire stock of Blankets from a wholesale
house that was clearing-out these goods at such a figure that
we can afford to sell cheaper than you ever bought before.

Don't Miss This Opportunity.

**E. B. Shantz,
Carstairs - and - Didsbury**